

Contrary to expectations, Rogers did come again to Diamondville. He came back a successful man, full of business, but not too busy to visit Curly Carlton, who once entertained him with kindness and hospitality when he was down and out. He came too late to find Eileen, however, for she was now become Mrs. Clinton, Clinton being late

of the Mounted Police, and now on his wedding-trip to the Old Country, where he had come in for a nice little estate.

And we may safely say that to this day, Clinton does not know the story of the short-lived romance, the little dead love that Eileen buried down there behind the barn with all that was mortal of Rough, that homely dog.

Argos Joe

Specially written for Western Home Monthly by H. Mortimer Batten.

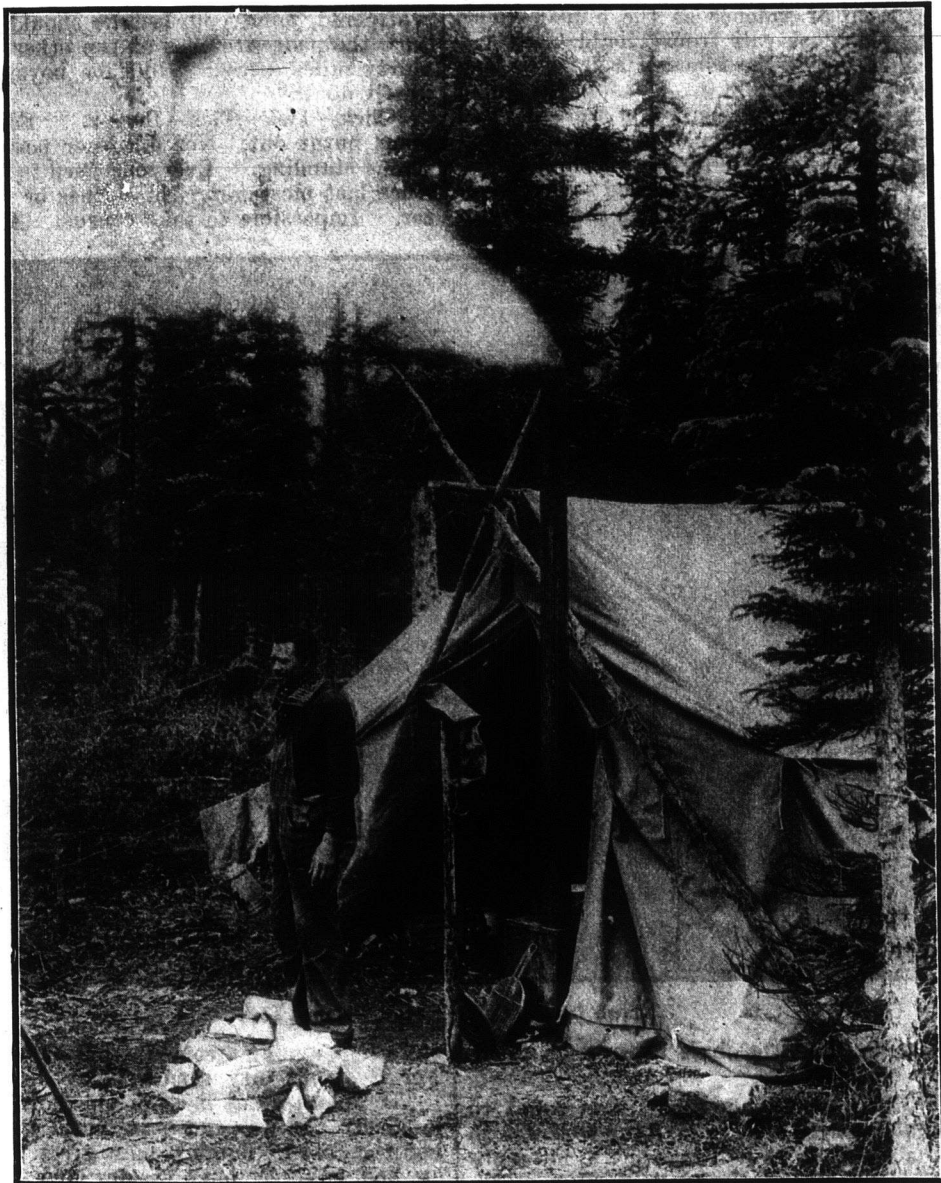
I was out walking up prairie chicken with the padre this afternoon, and my little brown dog was working away in the grass in fine style. The padre watched her closely for a time, then he said "You'll never get another dog to equal that one, Mr. B."

"No!" I agreed. "She's the best dog I ever had, and I only gave half a crown for her when she was a puppy. She

a good fellow to accompany me into the woods.

"Why not try Argos Joe?" he suggested. "I should like someone to get a move on him, as he's a thumping nice chap if only he'd work. Clever fellow, too. Tried railway engineer and went through the shops, but didn't like it."

I shook my head. "I guess he wouldn't come," I answered. "And the



The Cook in the Exploring Party, Canadian Rockies, G.T.P. Railway.

was an ugly, ill-doing youngster, but I thought I'd give her a chance."

The padre nodded his head, and appeared for a moment thoughtful. "Chance is a fine thing," he said eventually. "There's many a poor chap starves for the want of it."

"Yes, many a one—and I thought of Argos Joe whom I knew years ago in an outlying mining camp away up in Alberta, one of the stepping-off places of civilization, with the slender track of railway connecting us to the world on one side, and on the other the lonely loneliness of the foothills."

I rather fancy Argos Joe had never had a chance till the Lonely Bridge episode came along. He was the adopted child of a foolish old aunt, who sent him a comfortable allowance which he persistently outlived. Any day you went into the settlement you would see him lolling about the store verandah, chatting with the Indians or any white man who happened to be unemployed.

It was the Saturday afternoon before the Lonely Bridge affair, that I happened to be in the settlement, and fell into conversation with a young mining engineer as to the possibilities of finding

responsibility would be too great. He isn't used to the woods."

"It would be a chance," argued my friend. "That's what he wants, and if it doesn't come along mighty quick it will be too late."

Good men were scarce, and in the end I asked Argos Joe. Well, he didn't know. Fires were pretty bad out Loon Lake way, weren't they? He wasn't really keen on the trip, but if I couldn't get anyone else—

I didn't intend getting anyone else, and the following Wednesday would doubtless have seen Argos and me hitting out for the Loon Lake country, had not Fate ordained that Argos was to have his chance in quite a different way.

The weather had been extremely dry, and on Monday morning a wind got up, increasing to a hurricane towards midday. The wind, of course, came from the west, but all morning we had seen great flocks of wild fowl travelling northwards and flying high, a sign which made old woodsmen shake their heads, while a few got ready their stampee packs. A little later we discerned great clouds of smoke away to the south of us, and then

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